* CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER *

Murder & Gulfside ADC

Pick-up

(May 22,1947)

cast:

CASEY:

ANN

ETHELBERT

LOGAN

BRITT Gale Gerhardt

EDITH Lurene Tuttle

WAITER (brief bit)..double)

IAME Charles Lang/Watts

MOOCHER "Hamlet" Greenham (bit)..double)

COP (bit)..double)

STEVE Matt Fisco

Eddie Foster
Fred Rinehart
Wm Cloud

writer: ALONZO DEEN COLE

director: JOHN DEWITZ

Supervisor: ROBERT J.LANDRY

Sponsor: ANCHOR HOCKING

* CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER *

(ANCHOR HOCKING)

by

Alonzo Deen Cole

A DC

"Pick-Up"

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AFTER INTRODUCTION:-----

SOUND: FADE IN BLUE NOTE EFFECTS UNDER:

ANNC'R: 9 o'clock in the evening...the Blue Note Cafe. Ethelbert,the head bartender,is chatting with a customer- a tall,thin,white-haired man with a gentle face -when he hears a familiar voice---

CASEY: (OFF) Hi',Ethelbert!

ETH: Huh? Oh!-- Good evenin',Casey. 'Scuse me,will y',Mr.Hutchins?

BRITT: (60;A HORSE TRAINER...GENTLE,SAD VOICED:) Sure,Ethelbert.

ETH: I aint seen you all day,Casey...where y' been?

CASEY: (HALF OFF) Been busy,pal.

ETH: Y' told me y' werewon the lobster shift this week,which means y' dont start t' work 'til midnight--

CASEY: (FADING ON) Say-- cant a guy keep busy without working??

ETH: I s'pose so-- CAN he??

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) Listen,Shut-in:-- this is Spring...Miss Williams and I have spent the day in the park-- I've been taking pictures of the birds and the bees.

ETH: Oh-- bug-man's holiday,huh? Where's Miss Williams?

CASEY: I left her at the office...she had some on-her-own-time work to do. NOW-- anything else you want to know?

ETH: No-- that is,I cant think of anything.

CASEY: Then give me four packs of cigarettes-- two of Miss Williams brand and two of mine.

ETH: Okay.

CASEY: Say-- who's the guy you were talking to when I came in?-- his face is familiar.

ETH: He's Britt Hutchins, Casey-- the horse trainer.

CASEY: Sure! What's he doing in town?-- his stable is racing out West right now.

ETH: (LOWERED TONE) I got an idear he's here lookin' for the murderer of Cass Marlin.

CASEY: (INTERESTED) Yeah?

ETH: You know-- Cass Marlin was the jockey who got bumped off down in Florida just b'fore he was t' ride--

CASEY: Of course I know. Hutchins say he was looking for the murderer?

ETH: No-o...I just got the idear 'cause he an Cass was such good friends. All he really said about the killin' was what the papers have been sayin'-- that it's still a complete myst'ry who done it.

CASEY: It's pretty obvious WHY it was done:-- with Cass Marlin in the saddle, Fireball would have won the Alderstone Trophy Race. (Cass was the only jock who could handle that big stallion). And some of the betting guys didn't want Fireball to win-- which he didn't.

ETH: I hear the cops have questioned Steve Harold about it...he's supposed to have won a lotta dough when Fireball didn't even show.

CASEY: They've questioned all the big betters who've been known to fix things when they can...but scratch Steve Harold off your list of suspects, pal-- Captain Logan investigated him, at the request of the Florida police, and found that Steve looked pretty clean for once. Think I'll have a talk with Britt Hutchins...he trained Fireball and, as you say, he and Cass were pretty close.

ETH: You won't get any more outa Hutchins than I did, Casey...he's been drinkin' a lot, which puts guys like him in a uncommunicative mood.

CASEY: Been lapping up the stuff, huh?

SOUND: DOOR OPENED & CLOSED...CUT BELL NOTE EFFECTS & BRING IN STREET SOUNDS...ABOUT A DOZEN RAPID FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK, THEN:

EDITH: (25;HARD VOICED...VERY NERVOUS) 'Scuse me--

CASEY: Yeah?

EDITH: Your name's Casey, isn't it?

CASEY: That's right.

EDITH: Morning Express photographer?

CASEY: Right again.

EDITH: Let's take a walk.

CASEY: Say-- this is a little sudden, sister. I dont think I know you... or do I?

EDTEH: You dont.

CASEY: Then what--?

EDITH: Call it a pick-up--

CASEY: I dont go in for pick-ups--

EDITH: (IMPATIENTLY) You didn't let me finish! Call it anything you want until we get some place where we can talk alone...I've got news to sell...interested?

CASEY: (BRIEF PAUSE) Always. Where'll we go?

EDITH: There's a little joint around the corner-- Farley's Tavern...that suit you?

CASEY: It'll do...but I dont like the place from a social standpoint, sister, So the news you want to sell had better be on the level.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CHEAP TAVERN EFFECTS BEHIND...NO MUSIC

CASEY: Okay, sister-- speak your piece.

EDITH: After the waiter brings the drinks you ordered.

CASEY: Guess you need a drink-- you act pretty jittery.

EDITH: You'd be jittery, too, if you were in my spot.

CASEY: In a jam, huh?

CASEY: Cass told you about me,huh?

EDITH: That's why I looked you up when I hit this town tonight...I phoned your office first and they said I might find you at the Blue Note Cafe... I was on my way there when I saw you come out. I recognized you by a picture Cass had... this snapshot.

CASEY: [BRIEF PAUSE] I remember him taking that... last year. You must have been a close friend of Cass'.

EDITH: He was going to marry me.

CASEY: (SARCASTICALLY) Yeah? What's your name,sister?

EDITH: Edith Landal.

CASEY: Edith Landal. Funny... the cops and the Florida news guys have investigated nearly everyone who had even a speaking acquaintance with Cass...I've seen most of their reports and I've come across no mention of his interest in a gal named Edith Landal.

EDITH: You've heard Cass was getting a divorce,haven't you?

CASEY: Yes.

EDITH: Well... on that account,very few people knew I was his girl friend ...it had to be that way 'cause his wife's lawyers might've made something out of it.

CASEY: That's a pretty good answer...but give me one for this:... if you cared enough for the guy to want to marry him,why didn't you go to the cops with the inside information you claim to have... and go to em as soon as you learned about the murder?

EDITH: You think I'm a phoney,don't you?

CASEY: You might be.

EDITH: Listen,wise guy:... I didn't say I cared anything about Cass...I was going to marry him because he was in the big dough. When he died, I saw myself OUT of his dough...the cops wouldn't pay me a dime for

EDITH: (cont'd) I decided to cash in with a big newspaper...a bigger one than there is down in Florida... yours. Is that straight enough for you?

CASEY: Too straight to like very well.

EDITH: I dont care what you think of me! I've got a story to sell that'll blow the top off the racing racket and I'm giving you first chance at it...but you've gotta act quick... I cant keep it bottled up any longer,even for dough,because the killer knows I'm on tom him and he's after me.

CASEY: Cass was shot two weeks ago...the killer been after you all this time?

EDITH: Yes. It took me two weeks to get here from Florida because I left in such a hurry I had only 20 bucks with me...I've thumbed rides up here most of the way. And I left in a hurry,Mr.Casey,because the killer threw a couple shots at me the same night he killed Cass. Any more questions?

CASEY: Only the one for the big prize:- who's the killer?

EDITH: Nh nnh...I'll tell you that when I see money... $10,000.

CASEY: TEN THOUS...???

EDITH: My story's worth it and papers like yours can pay it.

CASEY: I've always wanted to see my City Editor drop dead... and he will when he hears that figure...come on,I'll take you over to him.

EDITH: No... if I was seen going into a newspaper office my number <u>would</u> be up;that's why I waited for you on the street. No one must know anything about my part in this until the killers are all behind bars.

CASEY: It was "killer" before... not it's plural!

EDITH: I- I'm pretty sure there's more than one man mixed up in this... I think there's a big-shot who hires or forces others to do his dirty work. And I'll tell you something else to prove I'm on the level... the cops theories are all wrong;they think Cass was killed so he couldn't ride Fireball,but...' (A GASP OF FEAR)

CASEY: What's matter?

EDITH: (LOW TERROR) That big guy who just walked up to the bar...he knows me.

CASEY Hmm...I know him.

EDITH: Then you know who he works for.

CASEY: (LOW NOW) Yeah-- Steve Harold.

EDITH: I've gotta get out of here-- quick. Mr.Casey,dont let him follow me-- stall him,hold him by force if you have to until I get away ...promise you will!

CASEY: If this is an act,sister--

EDITH: (DESPERATELY) I swear it isn't...you say you know who that man is,so--

CASEY: Okay.I'll hold him.

EDITH: And lend me $5--

CASEY: Lend you--?

EDITH: I haven't enough for cab fare and I've got to get away fast and FAR...please--

CASEY: I've always been a sap-- here's a fin.

EDITH: Thanks. I'll phone you at your office in an hour and tell you where to meet me-- where it'll be safe. Dont let Denver Lane follow me. (FADE) I'm going...g'bye.

CASEY: Humph. (SLIGHT PROJECTION) Hi',Denver--!

LANE: (35 ;A SOFT-VOICED GUNMAN...NOT A MUGG-- OFF,FADING ON) Hello, Casey... I noticed your gal friend left in quite a hurry.

CASEY: Yeah-- had to run for her bus. Know her,Denver?

LANE: Never saw her before. Not a bad looking bimbo...who is she?

CASEY: Just a pick-up I made.

LANE: Didn't know you went in for pick-ups.

CASEY: I have my moments.

LANE: Have a drink on me,Casey?

CASEY: You- uh -are in no hurry to leave here?

LANE: Why should I be?-- I just came in.

CASEY: Hmm. (DRYLY) Yes,Denver...I have my moments.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: PHOTOGRAPHER'S ROOM...OCCASIONAL VOICES & TYPEWRITER CLICKING

ANN: (LAUGHING) With THAT story you let her take you for $5.Casey?

CASEY: (RUEFULLY) The act she put on was pretty solid,Annie,and she had me hooked when she pulled the big fright about Denver Lane...the guy's a gunman and he works for Steve Harold,who's up to his neck in the racing racket-- for a moment,the parts seemed to fit. Until Denver made to attempt to follow your little chum. He stayed in the joint for half an hour-- then he walked over here to the Express Building with me.

ANN: In the rain?

CASEY: That's one break I got tonight-- we were within ten feet of my where my car was parked when it started,so I just reached in and got the old raincoat...(CHUCKLES)...Denver got wet. Put the raincoat on again and let's get over to the Blue Note.

ANN: Yeah-- I see enough of this photographer's room when I'm on duty

CASEY: ...and it's over an hour now since "Edith Landel" said she'd phone me in an hour.

ANN: Have you been waiting here thinking she MIGHT phone you??

CASEY: (PUZZLED) Her act was almost too good for a $5 take,Annie-- Oh nuts!-- when I start being a sap,I keep it up. Come on.

SOUND: DOOR OPENED & CLOSED OFF AS:

MOOCHER: (SS;GLIB & FAST TALKING...JOYOUSLY,OFF) Casey--!!

CASEY: Hello,Mooch!

CASEY: (QUICK DEFENSE) Now listen,Moocher:-- I'm short of dough,too,So--

MOOCH: Who wants dough?? You dont start on the job 'til midnight,do you?

CASEY: No.

MOOCH: Swell!!-- you wont need your car 'til then!

CASEY: My car--?

MOOCH: Mine just had to be towed to the shop and now City Desk has given me an assignment out in the sticks...give me your keys,pal.

CASEY: NO...the last time you borrowed my bus--!

MOOCH: Could I help it about them two fenders--??

CASEY: You could have paid to have em fixed!

MOOCH: (RAPIDLY) Miss Williams,I leave it to you:- shouldn't us press photographers stick together and help each other out--??

CASEY: Nuts with that--

MOOCH: Oh,I admit Casey's a better button pusher than I am-- he's a GEN-ius,the only one of his kind--!

CASEY: Look here--

MOOCH: Which is all the more reason why he shpuld give me succor in my hour of need! Casey,can a master like you let down a bum like me??

CASEY: YES--!!

MOOCH: (MELODRAMATICALLY) Dont say THAT-- no,NO!!

ANN: Give him the car keys,Casey...you know he'll get him if he has to cry real tears.

CASEY: (SIGHS) You're right,Annie...take em,Moocher.

MOOCH: My PAL...my beloved colleague!

CASEY: GET OUT!

MOOCH: NAY-- I tarry for one further little favor:-- the weather is inclem-ent and I came to work without mine raincoat!

CASEY: (WEARILY) Take mine.

MOOCH: My friend in need!-- and a perfect fit! My undying gratitude, Monsieur...and can you spare a cigarette?

CASEY: Here's half a pack and a book of matches...now get out before I commit a little homicide!

MOOCH: (FADING...HEAVY ON THE RAM) I go,Master-- I do thou's bidding! Goodbye,Miss Williams...fair lady-- FAREWELL!

SOUND: DOOR OFF OPENED & CLOSED...PHONE RINGS AT *,RECEIVER UNCRADLED **

ANN: (CHUCKLES) He's really a character,Casey.

CASEY: You wouldn't think so if he was in your department. As I said before,when I start being a sap-- (*)

ANN: There's your desk phone.

CASEY: Annie,it might be that Edith--!

ANN: (DRYLY) As you said before--

CASEY: Um-- yeah. (*) Hello,Casey speaking. -----Oh,City Desk,huh? -----Listen,Burke: I dont go on duty 'til 12,so I'm not taking and assignments NOW! -----I cant help it if you are short handed ...you wouldn't be if you'd hire enough photographers!! Just because you happened to know I'm in the building and--! -----Of course I'll let you talk!--who's stopping you??? (INTEREST) Oh-- a murder,huh? -----Strangled in a vacant lot?-- Sounds good. ---- Yes,I got the address.

ANN: (DRYLY) Here we go again.

CASEY: Any details? -----(VERY TENSE) Identification found on the body- What's that NAME again?? -----Yeah,we'll grab a cab and get out t there right away! (RECEIVER CRADLED AS:)

ANN: What is it,Casey??

CASEY: That dame-- Edith Randal was murdered about 15 minutes after she left me!

SOUND: RAIN...HOLD UNDER

LOGAN: Look at that body again,Casey...you're SURE it's the woman who told you that story?

CASEY: Definitely...I was sure of it after my first look,Logan.

ANN: Captain,her story must have been the truth.

LOGAN: Not necessarily,Miss Williams,but— Hmm...an envelope found in her purse was addressed to Edith Landal at the town where Cass Merlin was murdered and postmarked on the day before the murder.

CASEY: What was in the envelope?

LOGAN: Nothing...she'd used the back of it to jot down the names of towns— towns she might have passed through thumbing her way here.

CASEY: I told you,Annie,I was more than half sold on her story!

LOGAN: She borrowed that five-spot to take a cab from Farley's Tavern?

CASEY: So she said.

LOGAN: (THINKING) This place is about three miles from Farley's...assuming her story was true,she might have paid off the cab after the first mile or so to save money and started walking— there's a bunch of cheap rooming houses near here she might have headed for ...the killer had been following her and,when she came to this block of vacant lots,he hopped out of his car,gave her the chokeand—

CASEY: But Denver Lane was the guy she was afraid of,Logan,and Denver didn't follow her!— he was with me at the time she was being strangled.

LOGAN: Yeah...but his boss,Steve Harold,wasn't with you.

ANN: You cleared Harold of suspicion in the Cass Merlin murder,Captain!

LOGAN: We didn't clear him,miss Williams— it was simply impossible to prove he had any part in it...for one thing,he was here when it happened in Florida.

CASEY: There was—

CASEY: Where was Denver when Cass was killed?

LOGAN: He was at the last race the jock rode in... when Cass brought Corn-popper in first, three days before the murder...but he conclusively proved he was on the train, bound away from Florida at the time of the shooting. Of course, Denver Lane isn't the only rod Harold has on his payroll.

CASEY: (THINKING) Steve Harold and Denver seem to be a big part of this picture, Logan, but the print is awfully fuzzy...if they were gunning for this Edith Landal, why did Denver tip their mitts by coming into Farley's where she'd recognize him?

LOGAN: His coming in there might have been... just accidental.

CASEY: If it was, he's eliminated because he didn't follow her out and he didn't give anyone else the office to follow her...I had my eyes on him from the moment he walked in the door.

LOGAN: Hmm...maybe... No, that wouldn't make sense.

ANN: What wouldn't?

LOGAN: I was thinking, Miss Williams, that...

COP: (OFF...EXCITEDLY) Captain Logan...!!

LOGAN: Yes, Sergeant?

COP: (FADING ON) We just got a message for you on the car radio... (BIG & FEARFUL) CASEY????

LOGAN: What's the matter??

CASEY: Stop looking at me as if I was a ghost, Flanagan.

COP: If you're not, the message that just came in is all cockeyed!

LOGAN: What do you mean?

COP: Headquarters says that Casey's dead body has just been found in the wreck of Casey's car!

CASEY: The Moocher, Ann!!

ANN: He borrowed your car...!

CASEY: And had an accident!

COP: Accident nothing!-- there's two bullet holes in the dead guy's head!

MUSIC: INTO COMMERCIAL.....

MUSIC: BACK INTO PLAY:-----

LOGAN: (QUICK & EXCITEDLY) The thing's plain enough now, Casey:- Denver Lane had spotted that girl before you and she went into Farley's

CASEY: (SAME TONE AND PACE) Yeah-- maybe before she picked me up outs the Blue Note, Logan! He had another of Steve Harold's guys wit with him-- or got hold of another after he saw us go into the tavern--!

ANN: (SAME) And the other gunman followed Edith Landal one killed h while Denver stuck close to you!

LOGAN: Sure, Miss Williams! Denver figured the Landal dame had given C the dope she had on the Marlin murder...he'd be certain of it a he saw that five-spot passed-- from where he stood, it could hav been a couple century notes or a couple grand!

CASEY: He couldn't risk any rough stuff during the short walk we took the crowded streets to the Express Building, so he waited outsi a car and when he saw a guy my size, wearing my raincoat, goes o and got into my car--!

LOGAN: The information he thought you had had to be suppressed...even you'd gotten the dope the Landal girl didn't give you and if y passed it along to your paper, with you and the dame out of the there'd be no evidence!

ANN: What are you going to do, Captain?

LOGAN: I'll show you, Miss Williams! Sergeant--!

COP: Yes,Sir?

LOGAN: Get Headquarters on your radio and instruct everyone concerned to let no outsider have a close look at the body found in Casey's wrecked car... and tell em to give out information that it's definitely CASEY'S BODY.

COP: Yes,sir.

LOGAN: Wait,Sergeant...! Also,I want Denver Lane and Steve Harold brought to Headquarters as soon as they can be found and kept in seperate rooms...instruct arresting officers to tell them nothing about anything. That's all.

COP: Yes,sir.

CASEY: I get it,Logan... the old surprise treatment.

LOGAN: And a BIG surprise!... if Sergeant Flanagan,who didn't try to kill you,thought he saw your ghost,the guys who think they DID put out your lamp... (A CONTENTED PURR) Well,they just might go to pieces and tell us what we want to know.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

LOGAN: (LOW) Steve Harold's cooling off in this room,Casey...I'll go in alone and you follow when you hear me blow my nose.

CASEY: (LOW) Okay,Logan.

ANN: (LOW) I hope this works.

LOGAN: (CONFIDANTLY) It'll work,Miss Williams...you stay here with Casey. Here goes. (*) (ALOUD:) Hello,Harold.

SOUND: DOOR OPENED & CLOSED AT * ABOVE

STEVE: (SO;OWL-TURNED,A DILETTANTE?RATHER LIKABLE...HALF OFF,FADING ON) Good evening,Captain... good morning,rather. Now that you're here perhaps I'll get some information as to why I've been rudely conducted to this unglamorous place.

LOGAN: (INNOCENTLY) My boys didn't tell you?

STEVE: (DRILY) All they told me was to "Come along"...as a law-abiding citizen,I naturally made no resistance... despite the invasion of my constitutional rights.

LOGAN: Stop talking like a book.

STEVE: (CHUCKLES) Alright. None of you cops have anything on me and I'm definitely in the clear with your Homicide Bureau,So... what's the big idea?

LOGAN: (CASUALLY) A girl named Edith Landal was killed tonight.

STEVE: Really?

LOGAN: You've never heard of her,I suppose?

STEVE: Yes... I have.

LOGAN: Really??

STEVE: Landal is an uncommon name,so I presume it's the same girl I met with Cass Merlin several months before he was killed...he'd fallen rather hard for the little gold-digger. What jockey had deplorable taste... in liquor,neckties and women.

LOGAN: Why didn't you tell me about the Landal girl when I questioned you on the Merlin case??

STEVE: My dear fellow,you didn't ask me! Why do you suppose she was killed tonight?

LOGAN: (QUIET & COLD) Because she knew too much about Cass Merlin's murder...and she told what she knew before she died,Steve.

STEVE: You interest me. Who did she tell?

LOGAN: A man who was also killed.

STEVE: Then you're still out on a limb as far as the case is concerned.

LOGAN: Not quite...this man told the story to his newspaper associates before two bullets got him in the head.

STEVE: Their evidence will be only hearsay...it wouldn't be admitted at a murder trial.

LOGAN: You know your law,dont you,Steve?

STEVE: I know a little.

LOGAN: (BRISK SNIFFLE AS:) Excuse me... I have a little cold in the head-
(BLOWS NOSE LOUDLY)

SOUND: DOOR OPENED

CASEY: (HALF OFF...GRIMLY QUIET) Hello,Steve.

STEVE: (IDLY CORDIAL) Hello,Casey...nice to see you,boy.

CASEY: (PAUSE) Hmmm.

STEVE: Go on with your story about the man who was killed,Captain.

LOGAN: (AN UNHAPPY GRUNT) Hmmm.

STEVE: (PUZZLED) You two chaps look strange...anything upset you?

CASEY: (DRILY) Nothing at all,Steve.

LOGAN: (GLUMLY) No...nothing at all.

MUSIC: BRIDGE...FADE UNDER & HOLD

LOGAN: Denver's the guy who tried to kill you,Casey... he obviously didn't get word to Steve Herold about the things that happened tonight we'll work the gag on Denver now.

CASEY: All set,pal...it ought to work on Denver.

MUSIC: SWELL & BRIDGE

LANE: You say this newspaper guy who was shot spilled the dope he got from the criminal game?

LOGAN: That's right,Denver.

LANE: It's no break for you,Captain...the courts dont accept that kind of third hand evidence.

LOGAN: You're right again.

LANE: (A SLIGHT YAWN) If only the poor guy was alive.

LOGAN: Yeah. Excuse me... a little head cold... (BLOWS NOSE)

SOUND: DOOR OPENED

CASEY: (FAR OFF...AS BEFORE) Hello,Denver.

LANE: (CORDIALLY) Well--! Nice to see you again,Casey.

CASEY: (PAUSE...UNHAPPILY) Yeah?

LANE: (CHUCKLES) Casey and I had quite a get-together at Farley's joint tonight,Captain.

LOGAN: (PAUSE...GLUMLY) Yeah?

LANE: (CHUCKLING) Maybe I shouldn't spill this on him,but he was in there with the trampiest looking pick-up you've ever seen.

CASEY: (A GROWL) Nuts to you and your ideas,Logan.

LOGAN: (SPLUTTERING) Casey-- nuts to YOU!!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BLUE NOTE EFFECTS...HOLD UNDER

ETH: Yer big act fell flat with <u>both</u> Denver and Steve Harold,Casey?

CASEY: (GLUMLY) So flat it busted all over the place,Ethelbert.

ANN: (GLUMLY) Neither of these men could have thought Casey was dead ...both of them are ice-cold characters,but no guilty person could have taken the shock of his appearance without SOME give-away reaction.

CASEY: They didn't flicker an eyelash.

ETH: Mebbe they was tipped off in advance that it was really poor Moocher who was shot--

CASEY: No-- Logan went over that angle before we made our play. Witnesses saw the shooting:-- a speeding car drew up alongside of mine and whoever was in it emptied a gun at Moocher on the fly...the killer worked so fast he couldn't have realized he'd shot the wrong guy and,a minute later,a cop was on the scene who kept everyone away from the body. Nobody got close to it except other cops,& dod fr the M.E's office and-- guys on the morgue wagon.

ANN: And after two heavy calibre bullets go through a man's head,Ethelbert-- well,it's pretty hard to tell who he used to be.

ETH: The witnesses didn't see who drove the murder car?

CASEY: No...and they didn'tbget its number or description-- the thing's reached a dead end.

ETH: Hmm...mabbe the killer knows by now he didn't get you,Casey,so he'll try again.

ANN: That's covered,thank goodness!-- Captain Logan has assigned two bodyguards to Casey.

CASEY: (SOURLY) Yeah-- the louse.

ANN: (LOW) That innocent looking gray haired man over in the corner is one...and Sergeant Flanagan is hanging around outside.

CASEY: I've got to find the killer in order to get em out of my hair. (PAUSE) Say--

ETH: Yeah?

CASEY: I've just remembered something-- Annie,I've been a dope!!

ANN: That's a surprising confession. What--?

CASEY: (EXCITEDLY) Edith Landal was about to tell me something when she saw Denver...then she got scared and stopped cold. She said:- " "The cops theories are all wrong,they think Cass was killed so he couldn't ride Fireball--" That's as far as she got.

ANN: All the original suspicion of Steve Harold was based on the idea he didn't want Fireball to win!

CASEY: Sure!

ANN: But the girl's fear of Denver,who works for Steve--??

CASEY: She'd have been afraid of anyone who knew her-- because they mig tell the guy she was most afraid of she was in this town...she w sure that guy was after her! (EXPLOSIVELY) Ethelbert--!!!

ETH: (A STARTLED CRY) Ahh!! Dont bark at me like that,Casey...I'm a nervous guy!

CASEY: Okay,okay,but-- When did Britt Hutchins leave this joint tonight?!

ETH: Britt Hutchins?

CASEY: Yes-- the horse trainer who was on vacation while his stable is racing out west???

ETH: Why-- he went out the door right after you did.

CASEY: Then he saw me talking with that girl...he could have seen me go into Farley's with her,he could have followed her when she left there alone,he could have strangled her to death and gotten back to the Empress Building in time to see Moocher get in my car-- then Hutchins could have followed him!!

ETH: But Hutchins was a friend of Cass Marlin's...HE wouldn't have--!

CASEY: Friendship,in the gambling rackets,seldom goes deeper than the money pocket! And horse trainers only take vacations when their horses do! Come on,Ann--!!

ANN: Where--?

CASEY: We're going to tell Logan to find Hutchins!

ETH: (HALF OFF) Casey--??

CASEY: See you later,Ethelbert!

ANN: Wait for your gray haired bodyguard,Casey...he's--!

SOUND: DOOR THROWN OPEN AT *...CUT BLUE NOTE & BRING IN STREET

CASEY: If those bodyguards can't keep up with me I'll be happy! (*) There's a cab,Ann-- (PROJECTS) Hi,Cab--!!

SOUND: A GUN SHOT..ANOTHER AT *...TWO MORE AT **...FUSILADE AT ***

ANN: (ALARM) Casey--!! (*)

CASEY: Gun shots!!

ANN: From that car at the curb!! (**)

CASEY: Duck?Ann-- (CRY OF PAIN)

ANN: He's shooting at YOU...you're HIT!! (***)

CASEY: (IN PAIN BUT FAST) I'm okay...keep out of his line of fire!

ANN: Your bodyguards--!!!

COP: (HALF OFF...STRUGGLING) We'ge got him,Casey!!

BRITT: (STRUGGLING...HALF OFF) Let me go...let me--!!!

CASSEY: (PAINFULLY CONTENT) Hello,Britt. So you WERE the guy...and you missed me again-- (SIGH OF EXHAUSTION AT *)

ANN: He DIDN'T miss you-- (*) HELP-- get a doctor!!-- there's blood all over Casey'd head...he's DYING!!

SOUND: EXCITED CROWD VOICES FADE ON DURING ABOVE...BUILDING

CASEY: (WEAKLY) Annie-- I'll bet you 2 to 1 that-- for the second time tonight the-- the report of my death-- will be greatly exaggerated.

MUSIC: INTO COMMERCIAL.....

MUSIC: INTO ETH'S NOTE EPILOGUE:----

ETH: Y' feel okay now,Casey?

CASEY: Sure,Ethelbert...the bullet only grazed my forehead.

ANN: But if it had struck you only half an inch deeper--

CASEY: As Britt Hutchins can tell you,Annie-- many a horse has lost a race by one of those photo-finish margins. (CONTENTEDLY) And I think this bandage is very becoming...so was the little hospital nurse who put it on.

ANN: It isn't and she wasn't.

CASEY: You shouldn't be like that!-- not to an invalid.

ANN: Humph.

ETH: Tell me,Casey-- what'd Hutchins have t' say when they got him down t' Headquarters?

CASEY: What can a gut say when he's caught with the goods?. He had his car parked outside of your joint with its motor running and figured he'd mow me down and make a get-away before anyone could recognize him o

ANN: (DRYLY) Thanks to your bodyguards.

CASEY: (GENEROUSLY) The boys did alright. Anyway-- Hutchins busted wide open.

ANN: He confessed that he killed Marlin because his jockey friend had "double-crossed" him.

CASEY: That was a hot one! Hutchins always had the reputation of being a square shooter but he was a heavy better...and even guys who can talk to horses in their stalls seem to come out on the short end--

ANN: Hutchins had lost about everything he had and was desperate...he made his close "friend", Cass Marlin, a little proposition--

CASEY: Cass was to ride Corrupepper and lose.

ETH: Corrupepper??

CASEY: That was the last horse Cass rode before he died-- which might ha been a tip-off if the cops had used their brains.

ANN: The cops and other master-minds!

CASEY: Uh...as I was about to conclude:-- it was a natural mistake on EVERYBODY'S part...Corrupepper was a comparitively unimportant hor in a comparitively unimportant race, so attention was centered on Fireball in the big Alderstone Trophy--

ANN: To cut off the alibis, Ethelbert:-- instead of riding Corrupepper t lose as he'd promised Hutchins, Cass Marlin brough him in first a Hutchins lost every dollar he'd been able to beg, borrow or steal. So-- his feelings were hurt and he killed Marlin.

CASEY: Cass had told his gal about the play and she witnessed the shoot so Hutchins had to get her, too.

ANN: When he finally caught up with her, she was being confidential wi Casey and-- But you know the rest.

BEN: Yeah. You better be careful 'bout makin' pick-ups from now on, Casey.

ANN: (GRIMLY) I'll say he had.

CASEY: (A SWAGGER) Oh,I dont know...there's a cute little blonde over in that corner I might--

ANN: (SWEETLY) Casey-- dox you want a double bandage on your head?

CASEY: Why,Annie--??

ANN: The one I'd chose might not be "becoming".

MUSIC: UP FOR FINISH

* THE END *